

1848

# Though the Day of My Destiny's Over

Alexander Lee

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

---

## Recommended Citation

Lee, Alexander, "Though the Day of My Destiny's Over" (1848). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. Paper 483.  
<http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/483>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact [bpancier@conncoll.edu](mailto:bpancier@conncoll.edu).

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S OVER

Words by  
**Ward Byron**

Music by  
**ALEXANDER LEE.**

BOSTON, Published by OLIVER DITSON 135 Washington St.

MODERATO.



Tho' the day of my des - tiny's o - ver, And the star of my fate hath de - clin'd, Thy

soft heart refused to dis - co - - ver The faults that so ma - ny could find; . . . .

Copyright 1850  
Nov. 1 & 2 March 1851  
No. 10, 11 & 12



Tho' thy soul with my grief was acquainted, It shrunk not to share it with

me, And the love which my spirit hath pain - ted, It - - ne - ver hath found but in

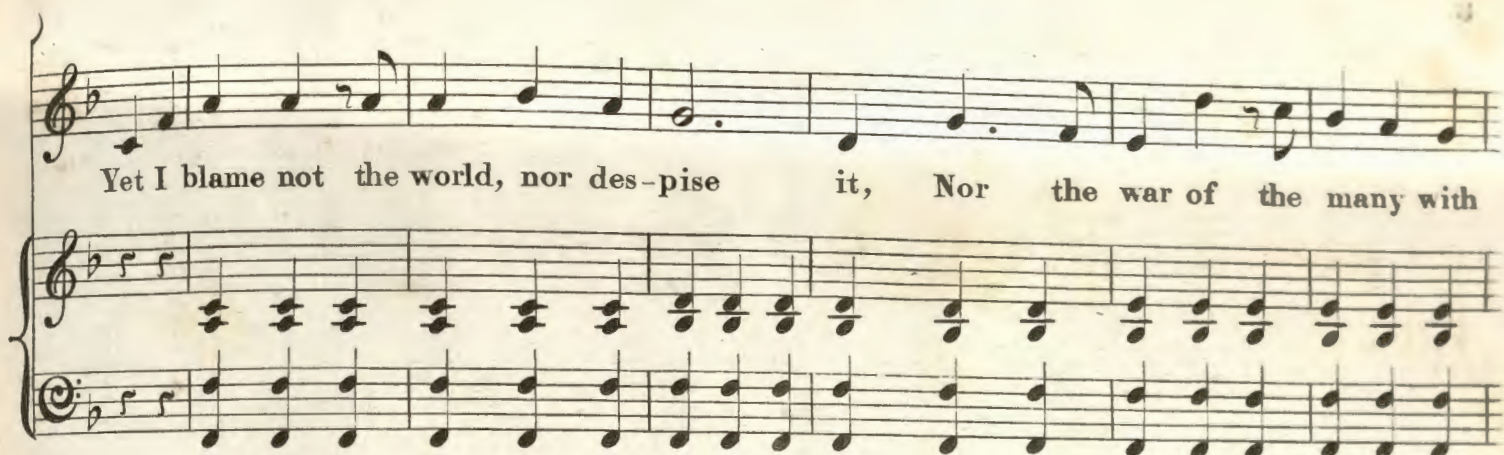
thee. And the love which my spirit hath painted It - - - - ne - ver hath

or It - - - - never hath

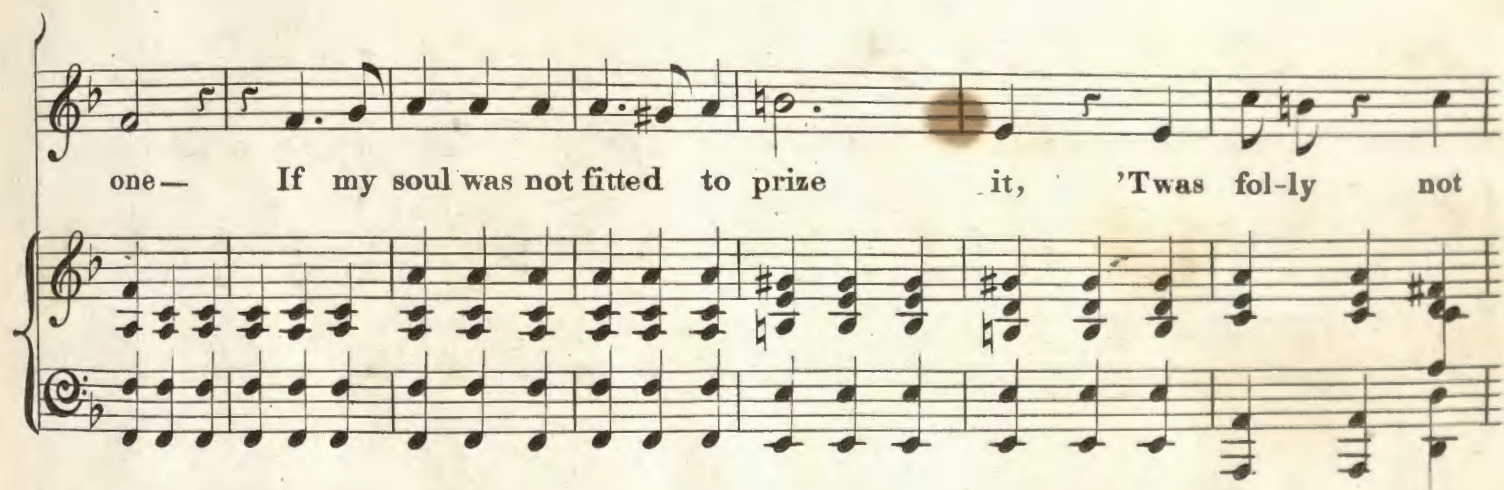
found but in thee. . . .

Corno.

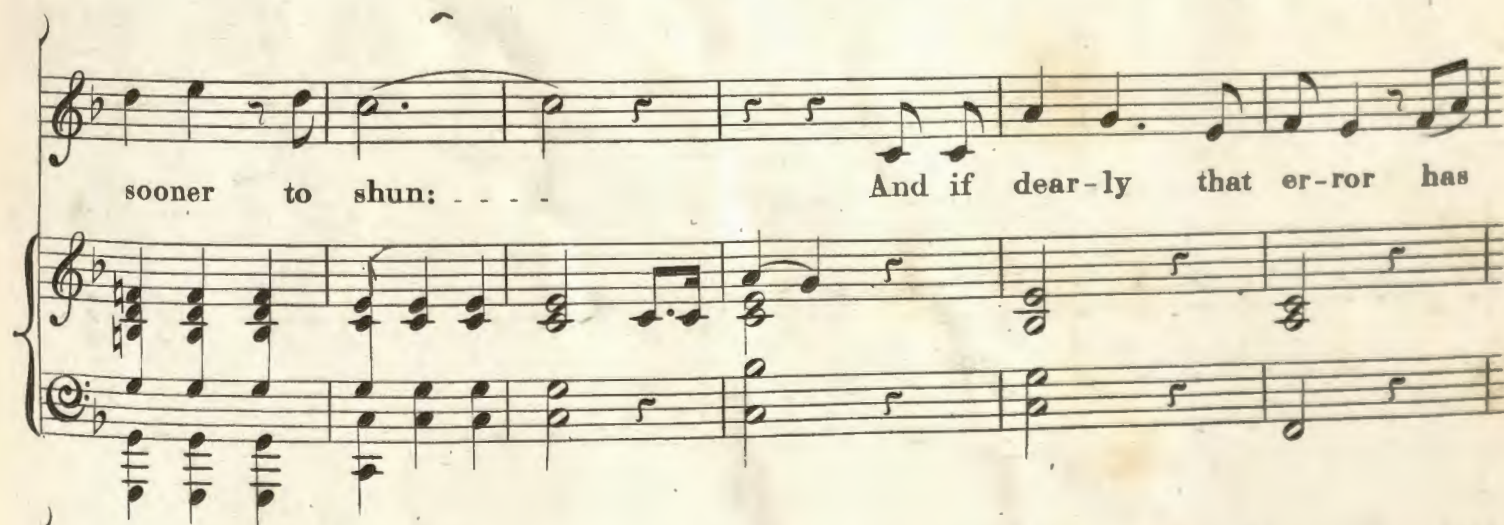




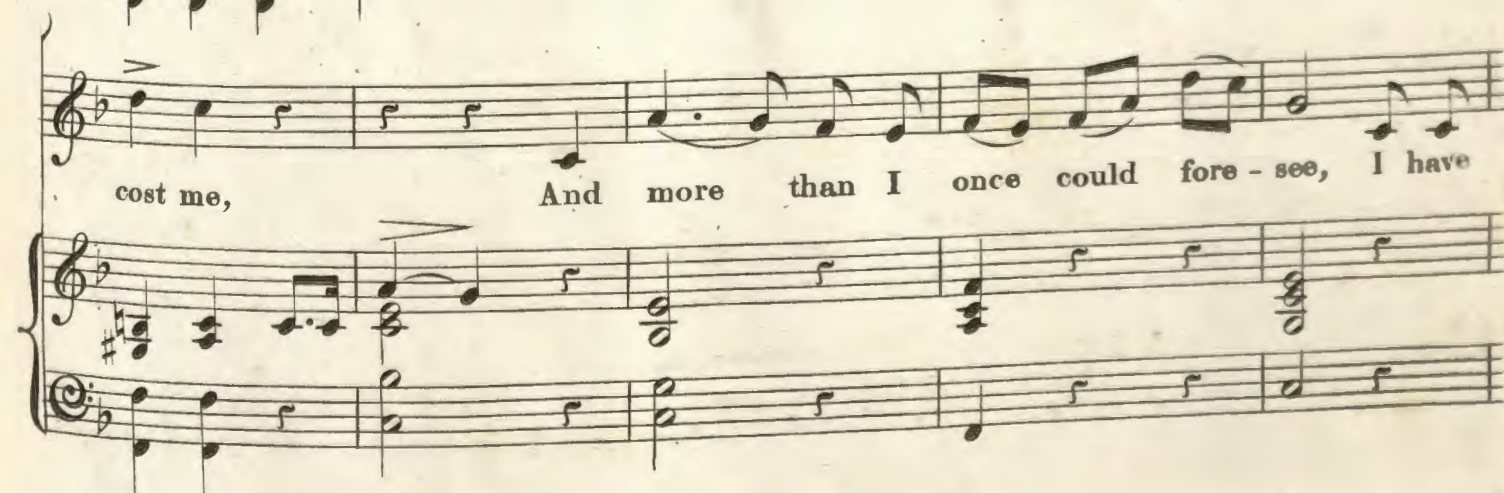
Yet I blame not the world, nor des-pise it, Nor the war of the many with



one— If my soul was not fitted to prize it, 'Twas fol-ly not



sooner to shun: . . . . And if dear-ly that er-ror has



cost me, And more than I once could fore-see, I have



4

found that, what-e-ver it lost me, It could not de-priv me of thee,

or

It could not de -

I have found that, what-e - - ver it lost me, It - - - - could not de -

priv me of thee. - - - -

Corno.

3

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished  
 Deserved to be dearest of all.  
 In the desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of thee.  
 And a bird &c.